

Good Morning 722

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town Gossip

CONTROVERSY has raged in that the Council express thanks to the austere surroundings of Winchester's City Council chamber over an hotel "sign."

The Black Swan, a hostelry which figures in the literary history of England's ancient capital, was pulled down ten years ago, for street widening.

The figure of a black swan which had adorned the exterior of the hotel remained to mark the site until last summer when it succumbed to dry rot and crashed to the ground.

When the question of replacing the "sign" was raised, the City Council decided that the cost of providing and erecting a new figure in artificial stone was not a justified charge on the local rates.

Whereupon, a number of citizens, headed by ex-Mayor Stanley Clifton, J.P., subscribed £55 to provide a new black swan, leaving the cost of erecting it to be borne by the ratepayers.

But the General Purposes Committee of the Council recommended that the offer should not be accepted and suggested that a suitably-worded plaque marking the spot where the Black Swan had stood would be sufficient.

The matter was warmly debated in the Council on two occasions, and an amendment to the committee's recommendation was moved to the effect

The amendment was eventually carried by the narrow majority of a single vote. So the famous black swan is to be re-born in artificial stone.

SALVER GIFT.

SALISBURY, some months ago, accorded the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry the honour of marching through the city on all ceremonial occasions with bayonets fixed, colours flying and drums beating.

The privilege was granted in recognition of the regiment's long association with Salisbury and of their distinguished service in the war.

Now, there has been a sequel. Lieut.-Col. S. Loyd, D.S.O., commanding officer of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and ten other members of the regiment waited upon the City Fathers at a recent Council meeting and presented to the City a handsome silver salver, subscribed for by all ranks, to commemorate the honour the city had bestowed on the regiment.

Glasses are Raised to C.P.O. Michael Smith

HERE'S a toast to Chief homecoming, and Mrs. Cresdee Petty Officer Michael Smith is determined to make it a great "A quick end to the war in day, the East and a safe return."

And that's our message, Michael, from your charming little "Wren" wife, Joyce, and all the family at 4 Northfield Avenue, Fareham.

Looks quite like a Ve-Day celebration at Northfield Avenue, doesn't it? But that's nothing to the "Whoopie" they intend to make—so Mrs. Cresdee tells us—when they get you home again.

We were glad to catch them all in our picture—Mr. Cresdee, your father-in-law, George and Barbara Dunning, Joyce's brother-in-law and sister, Mrs. Cresdee, and nephew Trevor Dunning, aged four, as well as Joyce herself.

Your wife says she misses you terribly, and she is longing for the day when you can be together again. That we can well believe, as you have only been able to spend about a month together since you were married.

Still, she is very happy to be also doing her bit for the old country with the Wrens, and if she does feel a little miserable at times, the other girls are quite good fun, and one of them occasionally goes along with her to the "flicks."

We were interested to hear that Mr. Cresdee has been with the famous Gosport yacht builders, Messrs. Camper and Nicholson, for over forty years, and is now working on a brass model of a motor torpedo boat.

George and Barbara are looking for a house—almost like searching for gold!—but they also hope to be around to celebrate your

Mata Hari Lovely Viper

MORE romance has been written about Mata Hari to the German secret service than about any other spy, male or female, who ever existed. She was accepted, and was given the number on their register of H.21, and was asked to begin her work in Paris. Her career has been surrounded by all sorts of colourful incidents. Most of these was no great risk, for she incidents have been pure fiction. This was a Dutch subject, and therefore a neutral.

The plain truth is that Mata Hari, which means Eye of the Morning, was a Javanese pseudonym adopted by her as a variety artiste.

Actually, she was Margaret Gertrude Zell, born in 1876 at Leeuwarden, Holland.

She married a Scotsman named McLeod, but was divorced with the French, she

C. N. Doran continues his Spies Series "Beware of Such Women"

forced by him, and from that time went her own way. She was nothing more than an international courtesan — until she took up spying, and after that also. Yet, to give her her due, she became one of the most subtle and clever agents employed by Germans in the last war.

There seems to be little doubt that she was attracted to him. She tended him in hospital, and told everybody that she loved him passionately; but all the time she was gleaning information and sending notes to the chief of the German Staff in Amsterdam.

She was in turn the mistress of artists, officials, officers, even Ministers of many nations. Her insatiable thirst for money and gems brought many men to beggary.

She was a specialist in naked dances purporting to be dances of Indian and Javanese temple devotees, and she had received unanimous applause in London, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, New York, and elsewhere.

She was at home everywhere, but her most elegant mansion at No. 10 rue Windsor, Neuilly, Paris, was where she shone most brilliantly.

It had been given her by a romantic millionaire marquis.

When she performed in Berlin before the war she went all hysterical over her "love" for the Crown Prince, "Little Willie," eldest son of the Kaiser, and the Berlin crowd cheered thunderously.

But this lovely viper was watching. She became aware that she was under suspicion, man she really loved most of so she made up her mind to return from the front to Paris. There she made a bold move.

"Loved" where there was money to attract her. She was military staff and offered her services to them as a spy!

She was appearing at the Berlin Wintergarten when war was declared. Out of "love" submarines were sheltering on for the Crown Prince and Ger-

The French authorities gave the British the benefit of their suspicions.

But this lovely viper was watching. She became aware that she was under suspicion, man she really loved most of so she made up her mind to return from the front to Paris. There she made a bold move.

"Loved" where there was money to attract her. She was military staff and offered her services to them as a spy!

She was appearing at the Berlin Wintergarten when war was declared. Out of "love" submarines were sheltering on for the Crown Prince and Ger-



and British found means to a letter to the German intelligence chief in Amsterdam, asking for a sum of 15,000 pesetas to be paid to H.21 when she arrived back in Paris.

When she was told there was no truth in the Moroccan yarn she suggested that she could to get that letter, opened it, read the contents—and allowed occupied by the Germans.

It was here she made her fatal slip. She offered to convey any instructions to French agents in Belgium—and the French secret service took her at her word. Or they pretended to do so.

They furnished her with a list of agents employed in Belgium. It was a trap. Of the list of names, only one was genuine; and this genuine one was the name of an agent who was suspected of being a double-spy—that is, of double-crossing both France and Germany.

Three weeks after Mata Hari received that list this man was shot in that country by the Germans.

This act, the French concluded, was not coincidence. Only one person could have given his name to the Germans, and that person was Mata Hari. But how had she done it? By letter, obviously.

But the French did not make a move—not yet. They allowed her to leave France, but they sent an agent after her. Perhaps she was aware she was being trailed. That will never be known; but she slipped into Germany.

Reports came through that she had arrived at Cologne. She had, indeed, been met in the street by a French agent.

ON HIGH SEAS. But she was not done with wandering yet. She was on board a ship bound for another country when a British warship loomed up, stopped the ship, and captured her. Mata Hari being recognised among the passengers, she was conveyed to London.

One of the first places she was taken to was Scotland Yard, and there, facing the late Sir Basil Thompson, she went through an examination.

She admitted that she was a spy, but for France, not for Germany. She was allowed to go.

She secured a passage for Spain. In Madrid she was followed, although she did not know it. She repeatedly called on the German attache there, and it was this series of visits that sealed her fate.

The German attache sent off



Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address :
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Adrift. Just the two rivals in the boat—and Susanne was waiting at Tahiti.

The drama of the South Seas moves towards its climax.

Part Two of Sylvester's Sixth Sense

SYLVESTER'S rival in love and in seamanship sat hunched, Abbot. "Haven't I told you? recovering his breath and slapping We're adrift, aren't we?"

"We're adrift all right."

Sylvester felt the boat swing round slowly. He reached out for and, as hard. He crawled forward towards the bows, leaving Abbot

There was no kick against it. in the stern. He was absent for The boat was no longer being some time. towed, the water under her bows was black, not a touch of white foam showing.

"The tow-rope!" roared Sylvester. "It's gone! Ahoy! Cutter ahoy!"

Abbot looked up. "Cutter ahoy!" he cried feebly; then he sat down in a lump and cursed.

No answering hail came to them through the night. They waited, while Sylvester shouted at intervals.

Not a sound save the slapping of the sea on the stern of the boat answered their call.

"It can't be helped," said Abbot sullenly. "You needn't blame me. I came over the line of boats to see if the rope was holding. Yours was going. The knot was slipping. I was trying to fix it when I fell in, knocked over by a wave as the cutter shifted her course. That's all."

Sylvester sat down on the pile of nuts and stared at Abbot, trying to scrutinise his face in the darkness.

"You—the mate—came off the cutter to examine the towline?" cutter up by this time, but her You found the line to this boat masthead light could still be distinguished, a pin-point of yellowish I'm thirsty, too."

red against the black velvet of the sky.

Abbot curled himself up and went to sleep. The long night passed without a word being exchanged between them.

Sylvester remained in the stern, his arm crooked as usual round the animal, demanding more, but tiller from force of habit, his eyes ceasing nothing.

and ears alive to any sign of aid. "We'll need all we've got, None came.

When the sun flushed up in the east, Abbot roused himself and peered over the bows, then turned towards Sylvester. There was bot,

scare in his eyes then, for the sea expect."

He was as flat as a pancake, and there was not a trace of land or ship.

Sylvester had shipped the tiller. The open boat lay motionless on the glassy sea, just the suggestion of a ripple gurgling round her sides.

Presently Sylvester looked up and threw towards Abbot a slice of bread.

"That's your ration for the day," he said. "You will have a couple of spoonfuls of milk also."

"What? Starvation diet?"

"Starvation diet," replied Sylvester. "We're adrift."

Abbot took the bread and came down for his milk, which he drank at once. Then he returned to his place in the bows.

Not another word was spoken, but Sylvester caught Abbot's eye roving over the boat and resting on him every now and then.

The sun burned them for ten hours before it sank in the west.

The second night began. Sylvester lay in the stern, listening. The stars came out, and a gentle breeze wafted across the face of the ocean, soft as a breath.

Just before dawn Abbot spoke. "Are you sleeping, Sylvester?"

"No."

"Give me something to eat. I'm thirsty, too."

Abbot laughed, and continued to paddle idly, but the sun became so hot that he ceased before long, and lay back in the bows.

The day passed, and the sun dropped behind the sea rim in a blaze of fire. Darkness came like a shutter being pulled over the sky.

Sylvester eased himself, and sat with his back against the sternpost,

his body bent forward slightly, his eyes peering forward. The hours get me from the cutter."

"Huh?"

"Are you sleeping, Sylvester?" "Abbot, you can't fool me. The voice came from the bows. You meant to cast me adrift. The Sylvester did not answer.

"Sylvester! Are you sleeping?" tied the knots myself, and my

tow rope wasn't loosening, for I

But Sylvester in the stern sat rigid, quiet and still.

Presently he heard a movement in the bows, and the boat tilted slightly as the sound of a heavy body entering the water came to

so you cut the tow-rope.

"I saw the cut end after I lifted you out of the sea. The snap threw you off your balance. You didn't gauge the spring in a taut rope."

"It saves me telling you," snarled Abbot as he tore a piece of bread in two and began to eat.

"I can starve you," Abbot continued. "The grub is down here. It's you that's got to eat nuts now. I meant to send you adrift so that you'd die in mid-ocean. Look here, I'll make a bargain with you. If I'll share the grub with you. Say

"No," and you don't see Gambot."

A grunt of disappointment and rage came forward. Then a laugh. They did not see each other as

"Look, Sylvester, let's paddle with spades. I'll throw one down feed. If you hadn't moved, I'd up for the lack of sight."

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ For today

Answers to Quiz in No. 721

1. What is the difference between a stalactite and a stalagmite?

2. If you travelled by B.O.A.C., what organisation would take you?

3. What does "Beck" mean in town-names like Beckenham?

4. How long was a "Sabath day's journey"?

5. Magellan sailed round the world for the first time in: 1461, 1481, 1501, 1521?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cromer, Harwich, Southend, Dover, Hastings, Brighton.

Very Hot Air

THE King's Pilot, Air Commodore E. H. Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight, has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre by General Koenig, Military Governor of Paris, in recognition of services rendered to the French resistance movement. Air Commodore Fielden flew secret missions to Occupied France throughout the war.

ACCORDING to Admiral D. C. Ramsey, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics to the House Committee on Appropriations, the U.S. Navy now has seven times the number of aircraft it had before Pearl Harbour, and has imposed an aircraft loss ratio of five to one on the enemy.

Since Pearl Harbour the Navy has increased its aircraft-carrier strength from three to nearly a hundred. During the same time Navy fighter speeds had been increased by roughly 100 m.p.h., their ranges doubled, their fire-power trebled.

SHORT BROTHERS, Britain's oldest-established firm of aircraft manufacturers, has produced the largest aircraft yet to be built here. A flying boat, the Short "Shetland," was designed for long-range transport and reconnaissance.

The civil version can fly from London to Bombay non-stop with a payload of 7,620 lbs. Other data: All-up weight, 130,000 lbs. (58 tons); cabin volume, 3,088 cu. ft.; wing-span, 150ft.; length, 110ft.; power units, four Bristol 18-cyl. 2,500 h.p. radial Centaurus engines, with four-bladed Hydromatic airscrews. "Shetland" does a creditable 267 m.p.h.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

MRS. TUFNEL, wife of Colonel Neville Tufnel, of Sunninghill, near Ascot, liked riding and hunting. But they were expensive pastimes.

So Mrs. Tufnel set about making some money. She turned herself into an estate agent.

With her house as an office, she got in touch with all those friends who had been bothering her for houses in the district; looked up all the available properties; and got the two lots connected.

In the second year she made a small profit. In the fourth year she quadrupled it. Now she's head of a business which is one of the most successful estate agencies for miles around.

So she hunts and rides. Once a woman gets an idea into her head . . .

D.N.K.B.

SYLVESTER'S SIXTH SENSE

(Continued from Page 2) "I hear, Abbot, but you're I won't promise," Sylvester wrong." replied. "I don't want to return to Gambot just now. Susanne is that. I've got the grub, and I'll keep it. I'm going to watch you die."

"Not there?" "You've tried to get me twice already."

"No. Just before we sailed she promised to marry me, and she and her father were sailing next day for Tahiti. I was to meet them there. There's no priest on Gambot, but there's one on Tahiti."

A cry of rage broke from Abbot's lips.

"It wasn't your sixth sense, after all! You'd asked her! You asked her before I got a chance! You big fool! You can tell me that now—now, when I have you in my power! It seals your fate, Sylvester. No man will marry Susanne except me. You hear?"

JANE**RUGGLES****GARTH****JUST JAKE****Wangling Words No. 661**

1. Behead a mass and get a number.

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? — samek isew a gutone deah a lits.

3. What word meaning "contaminate" can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He always — the play to suit the leading —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 660

1. M-eat.

2. Faint heart never won fair maid.

3. FAINT.

4. Scarlet, claret.

People are Queer

BIG BEN has friends in every country in the world, but the man who knows most about the old clock is Mr. Alfred Gillgrass, of Leeds.

For a great many years Mr. Gillgrass has made a special study of Big Ben; has forty books on the subject, and spends most of his spare time within sound of its chimes.

It's an anxious time for him when, on rare occasions, the great clock gets out of its stride, and if things really get wrong, it is Mr. Gillgrass who gets called in for consultation.

One of the things on which he has been asked to give an opinion is a crack which has appeared in the bell. It is probably due to the fact that the clapper has been striking the same place for the past eighty years.

It would have broken Mr. Gillgrass's heart if Big Ben had not struck the hours on VE-Day—and the bomb that wrecked the House of Commons was only a near miss.

TEN years ago, doctors stood at the bedside of Edward Mathew and shook their heads. "He's got twelve hours to live, at the most," they said.

They were wrong.

Edward, at the age of 91, is still proving you are only as old as you feel, in his wholesale meat business at Smithfield.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

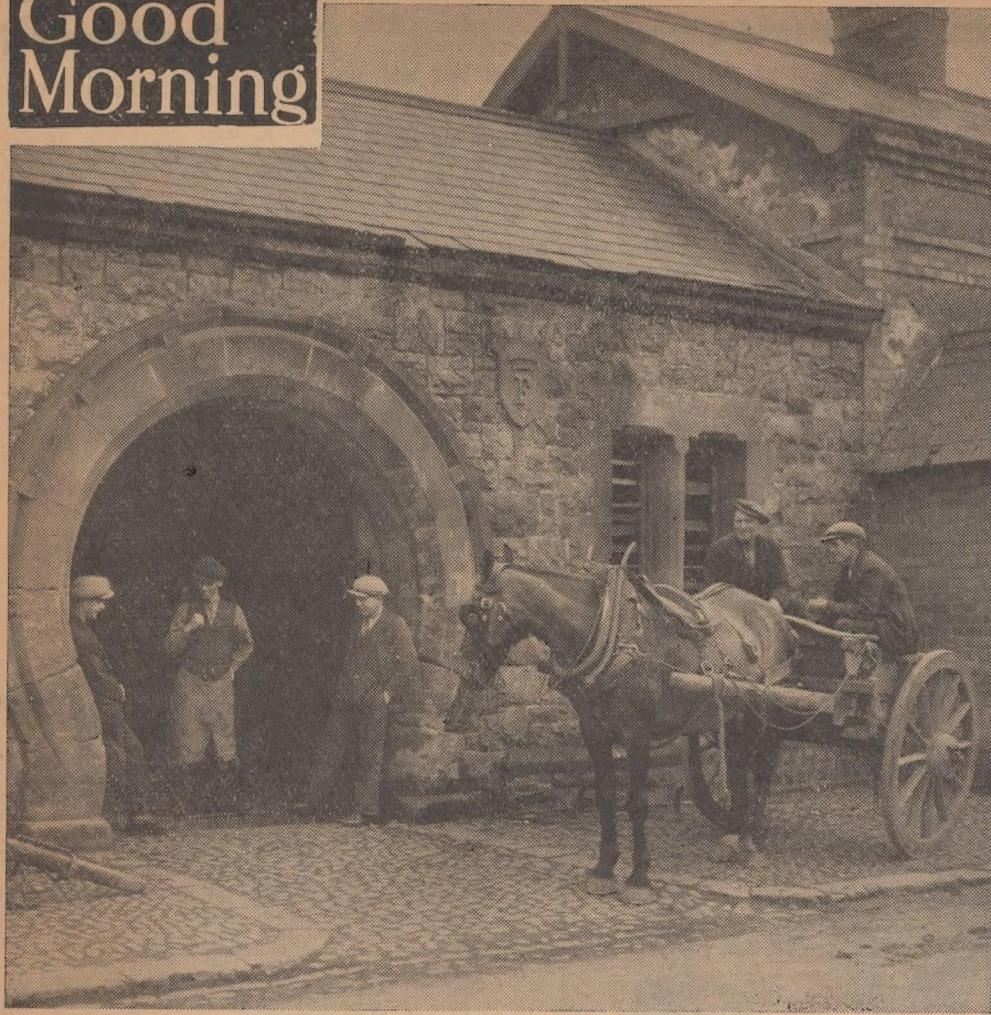
CASH	HOBART
CHOLER	VIA
BARROW	POMP
IICING	DENSE
DIM	BEER
APPORTION	R
E	ROAR
CROOK	PUT
ABIDE	LIMP
LIMP	MIRAGE
ACE	SENATE
TENDON	NEST

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12						13		
14					15	16		
					17	18		
19	20				21	22	23	
					24	25		
26	27	28				29	30	31
32				33				
34						35		
36					37			

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Plaster. 6 Decline. 10 Peer. 11 Boring tool. 12 Helping. 13 London. 14 Poor district. 15 Shrewd. 17 Inclination. 19 Piece of bread. 21 Group of players. 24 Chimney top. 26 Not great. 29 Medicinal plant. 32 Bird of prey. 33 Plain. 34 Issue. 35 Prepare. 36 Big match. 37 Scrapped.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Lots of water. 2 Cloth worker. 3 Hindostani. 4 Scales. 5 Part of body. 6 Electrical unit. 7 Quantity. 8 Water lizard. 9 Boy's name. 16 Pack closely. 18 Engrave. 19 Box. 20 Joins. 22 Vices. 23 Develop. 25 Additional. 27 Tree. 28 Abbreviated girl. 30 Spring. 31 Observed.

Good Morning



THE OTHER BLOKE'S JOB.

Barbers have their poles to help you recognise their shops. Chemists have those great glass bottles of coloured water in the window for the same reason. But this is the first time we've seen a village smithy advertising itself with a horse-shoe-shaped doorway. It is to be found in Antrim, County Antrim, Northern Ireland. Pat's a broth of a bhoys!



SOUTH SEA SUBMARINERS.

This picture was taken during a quiet moment on patrol in a British submarine operating in Far Eastern waters. The officers, who have apparently "gone native" in a big way, pose for a snap on the gun platform. Do you recognise any of 'em?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"I SMELL A RAT!" cried the good lady of the house, smartly jumping on to a chair. "There he is, Mummy, with a slipper in his hand!" cried little Ermyntrude. And then little Ermyntrude learned what slippers are for!



CAUGHT!

Fido is the thief, then, and here you see him caught red-handed. But it's an intelligent dog who stations himself in the bone-bin, waiting for tit-bits. All comes of having an education, we suppose.



STRIP-TEASE AT 70 M.P.H.!

This teaser does her stuff as she whizzes through space, clinging to the strut of a swing-boat that whirls her madly round and round. Note: Must try and get along — we might win a pair of knick-knacks for the Missis!



A GAL WITH PLENTY OF STUFF ON THE BALL!

We don't know what game Janet Blair is going to play with her ball — but she certainly puts ideas into our head!